

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

He doing so, put forth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's sildome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet; that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By waues, from coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old *Cower*, this long's the *Text*.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, your angry Stars of heauen,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Looke how thou stitrest now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now,

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Master, I mar

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Per. Simon
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